

Making the hard way sweet and delectable:

But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
From Rauenspurgh to Courtshold will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie,
Which I protest hath very much beguile
The tediousnesse, and processe of my trauell:
But theirs is sweetned with the hope to haue
The present benefit that I possesse;
And hope to ioy, is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope enioy'd: By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.

Bull. Of much lesse value is my Companie,
Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter H. Percie.

North. It is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie*,
Sent from my Brother *Worcester*: Whence soeuer.
Harry, how fares your Vnckle?

Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his
health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queene?

Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and dispers'd
The Household of the King.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolu'd, when we last spake together.

Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me ouer by *Barkely*, to discouer
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenspurgh.

North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)

Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which nere I did remember: to my knowledge,
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now: this is the
Duke.

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
To more approoued seruice, and desert.

Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be sure
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a Soule remembering my good Friends:
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,
It shall be still thy true Loues recompence,
My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus seales it.

North. How farre is it to *Barkely*? and what stirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his Men of Warre?

Percie. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymour*,
None else of Name, and noble estimate.

Enter Rosse and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with spurring, fierie red with haste.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues
A banisht Traytor; all my Treasure
Is yet but vnselt thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.

Rosse. Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.

Willoughby. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bull. Euermore thanks, th' Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of *Barkely*, as I ghesse.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Meslage is to you.

Bull. My Lord, my Answer is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seeke that Name in England,
And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your Honor out.

To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know what pricks you on
To take aduantage of the absent time,
And fright our Natiue Peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Enter Torke.

Bull. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Vnckle,

Torke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose dutie is deceuable, and false.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle.

Torke. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,
I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace,
In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane.

Why haue these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch a Dust of Englands Ground?

But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull Bosome,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,

And ostentation of despised Armes?
Com'st thou because th'ancyned King is hence?

Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,

And in my loyal Bosome lyes his power,
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,

As when braue *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my selfe
Rescued the *Black Prince*, that yong *Mars* of men,
From forth the Ranks of many thousand French;

Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,
Now Prisoner to the Pallie, chastise thee,

And minister correction to thy Fault.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,
On what Condition stands it, and wherein?

Torke. Euen in Condition of the worst degree,
In grosse Rebellion, and derailed Treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before th'expiration of thy time,

In brauing Armes against thy Soueraigne.

Bull. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford,

But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.

And Noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:

You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I see old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then my Father,

Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpstart Vnchristis? Wherefore was I borne?

If that my Cousin King, be King of England,
That must be graunted, I am Duke of *Lancaster*.

You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinsman,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,

To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay.

I am denyde to sue my Liuerie here,

And yet my Letters Patents giue me leaue:

My Fathers goods are all distraynd, and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse imployd.

What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me;
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my Inheritance of free Discent.

North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd,

Rosse. It stands your Grace vpon, to doe him right,

Willoughby. Base men by his endowments are made great.

Torke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,

I haue had feeling of my Cousens Wrongs,

And labour'd all I could to doe him right:

But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,

Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way,

To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;

And you that doe abett him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion; and are Rebels all.

North. The Noble Duke hath sworne his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,

Wee all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayd,

And let him neu'r see Ioy, that breakes that Oath.

Torke. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,

I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,

Because my power is weake, and all ill left:

But if I could, by him that gaue me life,

I would attach you all, and make you stoope
Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.

But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,

Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repaie you for this Night.

Bull. An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:

But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs
To *Bristow* Castle, which they say is held

By *Bushie*, *Bager*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealt,

Which I haue sworne to weed, and plucke away.

Torke. It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawse,

For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:

Not Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Capitaine.

Capt. My Lord of *Salisbury*, we haue stayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrey men together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;

Therefore we will disperse our selues: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman,

The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;

The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,

And Meteors fright the fix'd Starres of Heauen;

The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,

And leane-look'd Prophets whisper fearefull change;

Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,

The one in feare, to loose what they enioy,

The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:

These signes fore-run the death of Kings.

Farewell, our Countrey men are gone and fled,

As well assur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah *Richard*!

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